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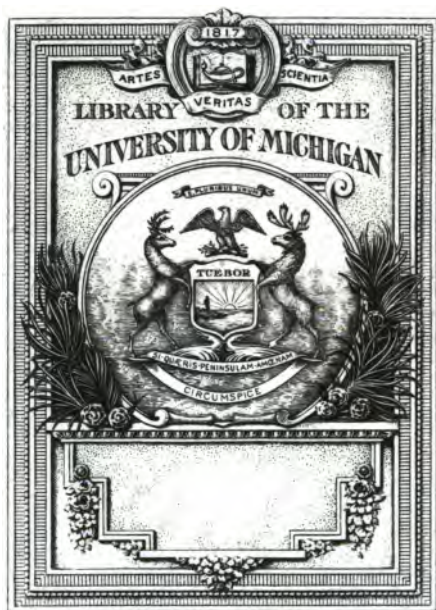
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1738  
1759a

Crossed, Samuel

off

A N O T H E R  
Original Canto

O F

S P E N C E R :

Design'd as Part of his FAIRY QUEEN,  
but never Printed.

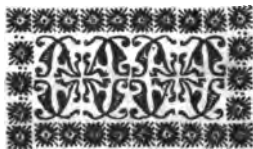
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Now made Publick,  
By NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

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*Quantò rectius hoc, quam tristi ledere Versu*  
*Pantolabum Scurram ?* ————— Hor.

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L O N D O N ;

Printed for JAMES ROBERTS near the Oxford-Arms in  
Warwick-Lane. M.DCC.XIV.

REPORT

1910

Design of a Part of the Machine

1910

By Winston Churchill

London: The National Press, 1910.



Winston Churchill

## The PREFACE.



THE Canto I lately publish'd having met with a very kind Reception; I found my self oblig'd, partly in point of Gratitude, and partly by Promise, to search among my Remains of Antiquity for some other Piece which might be instructive and entertaining. What lay most fairly presented to my View, were two entire Pastorals of Sir Caleb Ironside; of which I formerly gave one Stanza as a Specimen: these I pitch'd upon to transcribe for the Press. But, as I was sifting the whole Heap, in hopes to find something of an agreeable kind to have accompany'd them, this Canto fell into my Hands, being so remarkably blotted and interlin'd that I could not forbear looking into it; otherwise it might easily have pass'd all Notice: nothing of the Contents being to be discover'd without a close Attention.

Immediately upon perusing the Argument, I found it had some Relation to what I have already publish'd: and, as I endeavour'd to decypher it, I perceiv'd it contain'd a foregoing Part of that Narrative; tho, whether design'd as the immediately preceding One, I can't determine. This Oversight (which the candid Reader will excuse, when he considers what Devastations Time generally makes in Manuscripts of so long standing) was the occasion of the other Canto's appearing in the World first, and robbing the elder Brother of his Birth-right. Now, since the Case is so, I can only crave Pardon of the Reader for my Neglect; and wish Horace say,

Nunc retrorsum  
Vela dare, atq; iterare Cursus  
Cogor relictos.

I have this to advertise concerning the present Canto: There are two or three Reasons why it must not be expected to come up to the other in the Spirit and Strength of the Poessy. First, it was so obscur'd by Blats and Erasurements, and in many places so totally deficient, that, according to the Example of other Editors, I was oblig'd sometimes to make good the Sense of the Author by a Supplement of my own. Secondly, the Beauties of this Allegory fall short of the other; by the Ground-work of it not being capable of admitting that agreeable Contexture of Colours, and Variety of Flowers which furnish out the Embellishments of the other Piece; where

the Invention of the Poet has taken a larger Scope, and provided a greater number of moving incidents.

But that which I am afraid will stand most in prejudice of this Canto, is, that I can no where trace in it either Mr. Spencer's or, Sir Caleb's Hand; it being strangely confus'd by a motley Variety of scarce legible Characters. This may excusably throw it under a Suspicion of not being genuine; and all I can say in its Defence, is, that I believe Men of so distinguishing a Taste as the Ironsides, would not have given it Sanction among such valuable Admirers, unless they had thought it a legitimate Offspring. I must own, that by those few Lineaments which I discover in it, I am inclin'd to think them both written by the same Author, or at least sketch'd out and delineated by him: It not seeming probable that any other Person would take the pains to trace the Thread of his Story upwards; especially that Part of it which he had thrown by, as useless and foreign from the Purpose he afterwards design'd. This I say, to obviate the Criticisms to which it might otherwise be liable; and as for what real Blemishes there are in it, I acquit Mr. Spencer of them, and take all upon my self.

But if any should ask, what necessity there was for my making that publick, which I know and confess to be imperfect: To these I answer, That tho there are some visible Imperfections in these Posthumous Works, yet I presume they are not altogether without their Use; and that which we can't ascribe to the refin'd Pen of Spencer, may yet deserve a Regard from the Curious of this Age, for that uncommon Novelty which it discovers in its Dress and Behaviour. And perhaps the Ruff and Farthingal, which the Muse is dress'd in (tho now unfashionable) may set off her natural Graces with a becoming Simplicity.

The passionate Fondness I have for the great Man's Writings, may be some Apology for my publishing any thing of his, tho ever so maim'd and deform'd: I am bias'd to believe some others may behold the least Relique of him with the same Lover's Eye.

As for the two Pastorals above-mention'd, they shall come out the first convenient Opportunity: And I have now under my Hands a third Canto, carrying down the History of the other two; but withal, so torn, mangled, and disfigur'd, that till I can furnish it out with proper Materials, I must defer the Publication of it; as

————Spatius exclusus iniquis.

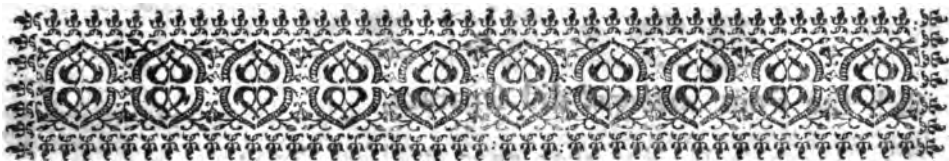
and beg a favourable Acceptance from the Reader of these and all other my Endeavours.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.



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[ 5 ]



ANOTHER  
Original CANTO, &c.

---

Archimage goes to Eaction's House,

Deep delved under Ground:

The Hag adviseth how he may

Fair Britomart confound.

---

i.



Y me! what aking Thoughts possess my Mind,

While *Britomartis* chaff I still pursue;

While thro' Fate's darksome Labyrinth I wind

My weary Steps in Paths yet trod by few,

Still keeping that fair Princely Flowre in view:

Somewhile my Sprice with thrilling Joy rebounds,

Sometimes with pungent Grief doth sorely rewe;

I feel the Smart when foul Reproach her wounds,

I joy, when her dread Might Fame's silver Trump resounds.

2. Sith

## 2.

Sith she from *Arthegall* did separate,  
 The loveliest Knight that ever wielded Spear,  
 Who 'gainst his *Paynim* Foes forth rode of late,  
 My Heart beats throbbing for that Maiden dear,  
 Left she to Danger's Brink approach too near :  
 For, when old *Archimago* with his Art  
 Her singled thus perceived had full clear,  
 He strait gan cast about his bloody Heart-  
 To forge, most Treachour-like, some black abhorred Part.

## 3.

All in the dead and gloomy Time of Night,  
 When Mortals, melted down with balmy Sleep,  
 Ly stretched forth ; when ev'ry grieved Wight  
 His Care in soft Oblivion strives to steep,  
 And damned Sprites alone their Revels keep :  
 Befet with mighty Charms of magick Spell,  
 The *Wizard* turns his Thoughts both black and deep ;  
 On *Hecate* calls, dread Soverain of Hell,  
 While at his noxious Verfe appearing *Phantoms* yell.



## 4. With

4.

With mutt'ring Words he murmur'd thrice aloud,  
 As oft the Earth thro all her Caverns shook;  
 Then his accursed Head in cole-black Cloud  
 Thick-wrapping, thro the Night his Way he took,  
 And to the Pole-Star fixt his dreary Look:  
 The dapper Elves that haunt the silent Glade,  
 Retiring quick their merry Glee forsook,  
 And lay close buried in the leafy Shade,  
 At his superiour Powre and grisly Shape affraid.

5.

And all as thro the mirkfom Sky he rode,  
 Upborn aloft upon his smoky Carre,  
 Loud-shrieking Howlets from their dire abode,  
 With baleful Notes saluted him afarre;  
 And flitting Bats, that Night's Companions are,  
 Around his Charet play'd in gyrous Flight;  
 While thro the lampy Sky each twinkling Starre  
 Veiled with modest Shame its shiny Light,  
 And shrunk aback at this so foul detested Sight.

6. Til,

Til, having long'd his wifely Counsel about,  
 He comen hath at length to *Fallen's Cell*;  
 A Goddess Heavenly Once, but with her Rebel  
 Of Rebel Angels hurled down to Hell,  
 A Place such Traitors vile befitting well  
 Of *Satan*, Prince of Darkness, and his crew,  
 And with her Sire revolting whom faithful  
 Here clad in ragged Weeds all rent and torn,  
 Her Mansion she has fix'd, and here she dwells

*Mammon* (they say) as without he still dwells  
 Her Form, once fair, adorned with youthful Graces,  
 Of her adored Shape on him did grow,  
 Captived with the Beauties of her Face;  
 And thus in private joy'd his long Spire,  
 Til Age and Uglineſſe his Fancy pall'd,  
 Begetting als a numerous long Race,  
 Who all were to their Parent's Trade enſlaved,  
 And this from his great Craft was *Archimago* call'd

8.

Down in a deadly Dale, deep, delved low,  
 Remote from all Access of sunny Ray;  
 Where kindly-breathing *Zephyrs* never blow,  
 Nor hapless Mortals bless the rising Day,  
 The hideous *Beldame's* hateful Dwelling lay;  
 Yews and black Cypress planted were around,  
 Before the Door on either side the Way;  
 Near which a Fount of Blood with groaning Sound,  
 Forth-welling, alway dy'd with purple Flood the Ground.

9.

Anon, a dismal Din of clanking Chains  
 Gan loud invade the *Wizard's* dauntless Ear,  
 And rufull Moan, as of poor Souls in Pains,  
 How'd thro the Cave, most horrible to hear;  
 As tho some grieffull Dungeon had been near;  
 So, entring in he found a foul Upore  
 Of starveling Wretches linked, that whilere  
 Had dight themselves with iron Bolts full fore,  
 And now constrain'd perforce of curst *Faction's* Lore.

10.

A ghastly Villein in the Portal stood,  
 With Eyes deep-sunken and thick matty Hair ;  
 Whose hollow Cheeks, and Veins bereft of Blood,  
 Whose filthy ragged Robes far off declare  
 His luckless Plight, and sorrowful ill Fare :  
 With wooden Shoes his captive Feet were gaul'd,  
 And for his Food he stinking Garlick bare ;  
 A base poor Man, who *Famine* right was call'd,  
 Who hoarse thro Begging was, yet alway begg'd and baul'd.

11.

Within, amidst that meagre flavish Crew,  
 The *Furies* dealt their Blows yfraught with Ire ;  
 Laden with Vengeance here and there they flew,  
 Brandishing round their Whips of knotted Wyre,  
 The whiles their Ey-Balls struck forth Sparks of Fire :  
 Some Racks, some wielded Swords of sanguin Blade,  
 Some Torches shook, whose Flames wide-flaking dire  
 A dreadful Gleam sent thro that dreary Shade,  
 Which by such hellish Light more dismal sad was made.

12.

So Rome her cruel *Inquisition* keeps,  
 The bloody Slaughter-House of holy Men;  
 Where, nor by Night nor Day bleak Envy sleeps,  
 Ne suff'reth Comfort to approach her Pen,  
 Or Pitty once to come within her Ken;  
 But Wheels and Gibbets, Enginry of Death,  
 And pois'ning Cups do furnish out her Den;  
 Where Freres and Monks swarm round, that it unceasing  
 May seem 'mongst them to live and draw in vital Breath.

13.

Yet, these nought fearing, *Archimago* past  
 Forth to the End, where *Faction's* self was seated;  
 When as the blear-ey'd Hag star'd half aghast,  
 Til lowly louting, her by Name he greeted,  
 And with smooth glozing Speech full fain intreated:  
 Hail! Mother dear, (quoth he) advise your Son,  
 How mine and thy drad Foe may be defeated,  
 Who all our Councils has long since foredon,  
 Ne knows Tyrannick Powre, nor dreads Oppression.

14.

The Cause of all our Sorrows is, to weet,  
 A Warrior Maid, fair *Britomart* hight;  
 Who with her ebon Lance and Courser fleet,  
 Has done to Death full many a *Peynim* Knight;  
 And with her eke there wons a valiant Wight,  
 Harden'd thro' magick Spell, bold *Talmer* nam'd,  
 Full stout of Courage, and of passing Might;  
 Who with his whirling Brondiron erst has tam'd  
 Ten times ten thousand *Peynims*, as abroad it sam'd.

15.

Their mighty Prowess, and chaste Virtue loud,  
 Thro' all the Land of *Ferry* resounds;  
 Their pious Lore draws the attentive Crowd;  
 And our Devices all at once confounds;  
 So much true Goodness more than Vice abounds.  
 To cheer the drooping Sprites of Men distressed,  
 Their flowing Justice thro' the World redounds;  
 Succour they bring to all by Pow're oppress'd;  
 That happy Coast where ere they bearen Rule is blest.

16. Like



16.

Like as clear ~~Thence~~ from his Silver Uen  
 Pours forth the Streams of Plenty spreading wide,  
 And sheds Abundance when he doth upturn  
 The Sacred Fountain of his swelling Tide,  
 Whiles his rich Waves adown the Lee do glide;  
 The neighbour Hills, bespred with shady Wood,  
 Survey the fruitfull Vales along his Side;  
 The Swain, that whilom on his Margin stood  
 In secret Pleasance wrapt, beheld his Chrystal Flood,

17.

Thus he with glassy Smoothness fil'd his Tung,  
 As well the envious Hag he mote enrage;  
 For such Report her indy Heartstrings wrung,  
 And braft her bitter Gell with tenfold Rage:  
 Who *Faction's* Wrath, once kindled, can assuage?  
 So rolling round her bloody-glaring Eyes,  
 With Horrour fraught, she fast them on the Sage,  
 And stamm'ring out her Words with wild Surprize,  
 Her divelish Plot in ~~folting~~ Speech she gan avize.

18. Too

18.

Too well (quoth she)\*dear Offspring, I perceive  
 How these our mortal Foes have gain'd of late ;  
 For-thy my Life with Rancour fore doth grieve,  
 My joyless Hours I spend in loathly Hate,  
 Yet they nathless continue fortunate :  
 All-be my Curfes multiplied in Store,  
 Yet they enjoy secure a happy Fate ;  
 My vexed Sprite with Malice I engore,  
 Yet they nathless in Glory flourish more and more.

19.

Such Worth in young *Alcides* shone of old,  
 As Poets, witty-fabling, do invent,  
 Who in his infant Cradle greatly bold,  
 With grappling Squeez and sturdy Hardiment,  
 The Serpent's fell Despight did erst prevent :  
 And after, by his Stepdame *Juno* crost,  
 Yet nould his val'rous Sprite at all relent ;  
 But rose the more he was by Dangers tost,  
 'Till in the Firmament a Star he was emboss.

20. There

20.

There late the *Red-Cross Knight* with *Bliss* was crown'd,  
 Who came from *Belgia* to the *British* Shore,  
 And gain'd a Name in matchless Arms renown'd,  
 For that he drave from thence a fierce wild Boar,  
 Whose deadly Tusks foamed with frothy Gore :  
 In vain my plotting Imps oppos'd his Might,  
 Darting forth foul Reproache ; he nathemore  
 Was damp't, but like some Star's empearcing Light,  
 Shone clearer thro' that Veil of black malicious Night.

21.

And now, sith *Britomart* hath waxed strong,  
 Whom valiant *Talus* guides thro' ev'ry Plain,  
 I lenger must perforce enduren Wrong,  
 And wast my wretched Age in doleful Strain,  
 Still envying : Envy is at best but Pain.  
 Yet sooth one more Device I needs would try,  
 That restless burns within my heated Brain,  
 Which may perchance them doen both to dy,  
 If aided by thy Art and present Industry.

22. *Merlin*

22.

Merlin thou knewst, (who Merlin did not know ?)  
 That near Cayr-Merddin whom wont to dwell;  
 He all in magick Arts did far outgo,  
 And Fate of Empires wisely could foretell,  
 When-so he did consult within his Cell:  
 His learned Skill impart my secret Howre,  
 And marr'd my strongest Charms, tho brocht in Hell;  
 When-ere my Crafts I wrought, in that same Hour  
 His mighty Wit effeens my Purpose could discour.

23.

Therewith to Brethart great Love he bore,  
 And strengthen'd Talus with continual Ayd,  
 With Puissance inspiring evermore  
 The doughty Courage of that Martial Mayd,  
 Where-with she aye her Phymis Poes affray'd:  
 Withall, a Wand about him he did bear,  
 By which his wary Steps he still uptay'd,  
 That other none might with this same compare;  
 So far it did excell in Vertues strange and rare.

24. This

24.

This, when he died, five wicked Imps of mine,  
 Which thou, my Dearling, secretly didst lead,  
 Did from th' expiring Sage's Side purloin,  
 And thro the silent Realms of Night convey'd:  
 By this, if ought my Foresight can aread,  
 Thy inmost Thoughts, tho black and deep as Hell,  
 May with Success and happy Chance proceed;  
 For never Knight so hardy fate in Sell,  
 Tought with its thrilling Point, but down eftsoons he fell.

25.

And these Intentts the better to disguise,  
 Thy feigned Person trim with holy Weeds,  
 As thy dissembling Heart may well devise,  
 Like *Pilgrim* sad aye counting ore thy Beeds,  
 As one that mourneth for his sinfull Deeds:  
 There-to a Scrip I'll give, full fraught with Store  
 Of Bribery, which servile Baseness breeds;  
 The same thy mighty Sire old *Mammon* bore,  
 And great Atchievements wrought, when so he list, of yore.

26.

Als your Discourse with Humble's meek prepare  
Of fainted *Popes* and *Dirges* to invent,  
And eke a Crucifix aside you wear,  
Whiles the World's Sins you loudly do lament,  
And call unthinking Mortals to repent:  
So the rude Vulgar, who still judgen Wrong,  
An Angel will you deem from Heaven sent,  
Or one who heavenly Angels live among,  
Tho born in Hell, where *Goblins* ever-damned throng.

27.

Like as the Fox who under Fryar's Cowl,  
Most Treachour-like spreads forth his colour'd Guile,  
And in religious Cant with whining Houl  
Displays his wicked Gins whereby to spoil  
The feely Geese, who listning all the while  
Around the Faytour gaze in heedless wize;  
He at their Simperers doth inly smile,  
Til, fittest time awaiting, on he flies,  
And to his hungry Cubbs bears off the cackling Prize.

28. Ah

Ah Mother dear, the *Wizard* then replied,  
 Right well I wote that you have spoken trew;  
 Your high Behefts shall duly be supplied,  
 Yet ft ill one troublous Thought my Soul doth rew,  
 And with a sickly Cold my Sprite embew.  
 Gramercy (cries the Hag) unlade thy Mind,  
 And anxious Jealoufy to me forth shew;  
 No ftinging Care fo deadly ere was tir'd,  
 But it to quell, my Powre fome Medicine could find.

There is (quoth he) a valiant Stranger Knight,  
 Who late to War 'gainst *Pajim* Troops forth-rode,  
 Of mickle Fame, and *Arthegall* he fight,  
 Whose Prowefs is far knownen all abroad,  
 As tho he were some mighty Demigod:  
 He whilom did espoufe fair *Britomart*,  
 And will emongst the *Britons* make Abode;  
 Thereto he is of fo courageous Heart,  
 As well may mar our Plots, and baffle all our Art.

30.

At this the Hag with frowning Visage lowr'd,  
 And threw aslope her fiery burning Eyne,  
 By which her grated Sprite she plain discour'd;  
 And shall I then (she cried) at last resign  
 The fair Pretence, by which young *Sans Foy* mine  
 Does of that Golden Crown Possession claim;  
 Where he hath promis'd to erect my Shrine,  
 And blow the Sound of *Faction's* dreaded Name  
 From the loud Trump eterne of never-dying *Fame*?

31.

Go to, my *Archimage*, we must back  
 The *Pagans* Forces with our timely Aid;  
 For well I weet their Arms begin to slack,  
 And wonted Courage is nigh grown affraid,  
 No longer can in Battail be uptaid,  
 Unless with guilefull Arts our impish Crew  
 Can part Sir *Arctegall* from that bold Maid  
 Who doth our weaker *Pagans* hack and hew,  
 And in their precious Blood her warlike Hands embrew.

32. Thine



32.

Thine be the Care, and thine the glorious Meed,  
 To raise the *Pagan* Powre in *Every* Land;  
 Ne doubt I but this great ennobling Deed  
 Hath been reserv'd for your prevailing Hand,  
 So well my deep Designs you understand;  
 And may I see thee, like *Ambition*, rise,  
 Thy Brother, whose proud Height may not be scann'd;  
 Who towres beyond poor Mortal's feeble Eyes,  
 And shoots his lordly Head above the starry Skies.

33.

Thus boasting big, the loathsome Creature spoke,  
 With heaving Breast high-swoln with inly Pride;  
 For well she desapt her Gall to have ywroke  
 On those fair Knights whom thus she had defide;  
 Yet they more goodly still, were magnifice.  
 Th' Enchaunter then forth-beck'ning, on she led  
 To a vast boundless Plain out-spreaden wide,  
 Wherein a steepy Mountain rais'd its Head,  
 So slippery, that none mought on it safely tread.

34. Yet

34.

Yet many to up climb it vainly strive,  
Swinking and sweating with their utmost might,  
The lowest catching eye at those above,  
For cankring Envy and foul-bred Despair;  
The highest aye their Malice to requite,  
Perforce endeavour'd still to keep them down;  
So each against the other went to fight,  
That whiles their Rancour mutually was shewn,  
Many came tumbling headlong from their Places thrown.

35.

Like as *Aeolides* by justest Doom,  
For unjust Robberies erst by him done,  
Sentenc'd beneath Hell's dark and dreadful Gloom,  
Upheaves a heavy vast unwieldy Stone,  
Distraining his tough Nerves with many a Groan:  
Soon as upon the Top he doth it view,  
(So Fate ordains) his Labour is foredone;  
The wicked Stone, which knows its Lesson trew,  
Rolls quick adown the Hill, his Trouble to renew.

36. So

36.

So they incessant did renew their Pain,  
And weary Steps withouten Strait applied;  
Yet all their Labour proved but in vain,  
Eftsoons they tumbled down the slippery Side,  
Or, ere they reach'd the Top, with Travel died.  
Thus all who strive by foul ingenious Ways  
To tread the antinous Paths of lawless Pride,  
A lasting Name of Infamy do raise,  
And far away abroad, mispend their busy Days.

37.

Yet, on the utmost Top, at furthest ken,  
Full near the Cieling of the vaulted Sky,  
An hideous Wight, far passing living Men,  
In lofty Stature, was exalted high,  
The Emblem true of empty Superstie:  
He stood upon the Rock's most springing Clift,  
Whose over-bearing Weight inclin'd a wry;  
That, if perchance he fall should have a drift,  
It would have bruis'd his Corse, and Shull in funder rift.

38.

In gorgeous Purple Robes he was array'd,  
Lightly orecaft with spotted Brimble;  
And streaming Silver thro his Vesture play'd,  
Entrail'd with various Flowers of golden Twine,  
Spreading their Branches like a mantling Vine;  
Thus aye, as tho he seem'd to fall, he hung,  
And gazing up with wishfull longing Eyes,  
His miscreated Arms aloft he flung,  
And still, as tho he sought for aid, upwards sprung.

39.

On either Hand, close clinging by his side,  
Two grievly *Villeins* did his Steps upstay;  
And, as he slippt, they evermore did guide  
His trembling Feet along the doubtfull Way,  
Left the smooth Surface mote him foul bewray.  
The one was *Guile* in party-colour'd Cloak,  
Who to him did his crafty Sleights display,  
He one thing means, yet still another spoke,  
And throwd all his Face in Fumes of pitchy Smoak.

40. The

40.

The other was a Wretch of pallid Hue,  
 With Eyes distraught and staring all aghast;  
 Whose riven Heart did sorely seem to rue,  
 And groaning threw forth Sobs and Sighings fast,  
 As if with piercing Grief it were nigh brast:  
*Despair* he called was, and did advise  
 His Lord *Ambition* down himself to cast;  
 Saying Death cures all this World's Maladies:  
 So 'twixt *Guilt* and *Despair* wretched *Ambition* lies.

41.

Thrice wretched Man! whom nor *Guilt* can sustain,  
 So difficult the Path he treads upon;  
 Nor foul *Despair* persuade to cure his Pain,  
 When once his wicked Course he hath begun;  
 For and his Head a Gallows over-run,  
 To which an hempen Rope, full strongly tied,  
 About his Caytive Neck so close was done,  
 That it his noozed Wezon would aggride,  
 When-so he did attempt adown the Hill to slide.

42.

Loe, *Faction* tried, behold thy Brother dear,  
On the proud Throne of Glory mounted high;  
To which his due Deserts have him whilere  
Prefer'd, and decked with true Majesty,  
The Meed of All that with my Terms comply:  
Nor difficult the Way, ne hard to find,  
That toward *Ambition's* lofty Seat doth ly;  
Whoso to my Behests is well inclin'd,  
Into their wished Port shall sail with Tide and Wind.

43.

Nor Thee, my Son, for such great Enterprife  
Unmeet I ween, with native Cunning bold;  
Ne booteth it thee lenger to advise,  
Long since endu'd with Wisdom manifold,  
And now in magick Studies growen old.  
Thy vow'd Despight persue with well-known Art,  
And once conceived Resolution hold;  
For thy no Cure can quell my grieving Smart,  
Til some destroying Powre hath seized *Britomart*.

44. She

44.

She spoke; and with her foul infectious Tongue  
 Spet secret Venom, which down-sinking low,  
 The Treachour's Heart with rankling Poison stung;  
 Which from her divelish Mouth she did out-throw,  
 The Source of Evils and the Fount of Wo:  
 Thus she his fell malicious Rage did whet,  
 And into Flames his kindling Anger blow.  
 In an accursed Hour accurst they met;  
 God help the Man who falls un'wares into their Net!

45.

As when the Cottage Dame from sparkling Match  
 Hath chanc'd to shed some little Corn of Fire,  
 It smouldring lies within the strawy Thatch,  
 And choak'd with its own Fumes doth nigh expire;  
 Til stormy *Boreas*, with loud blustering Ire,  
 Up-blowing from his Subterranean Caves,  
 Fans with strong Blast the Flames wide-flaking dire;  
 Then powerfully roll the fiery Waves,  
 And thro the crackling Roof prevailing *Vulcan* braves.

D 2

46. Thus.

46.

Thus with transporting Rage his Breast he fir'd,  
 And rak'd the Embers of fell Discontent,  
 That with empoys'ning Malice all inspir'd,  
 He long'd to act his mischievous Intent,  
 On which his evil Mind long since was bent:  
 So, nought gainsaying the dread *Mag's* Command,  
 With low Obeysance louting, forth he went,  
 And back with Speed return'd, in either Hand  
 Bearing great *Mammon's* Scrip, and *Merlin's* Sacred Wand.

47.

O'er lofty Hills, low Dales, and Forests wide,  
 The Magick Wight his aery Course did steer,  
 Til to a Wood, down by a River's side,  
 By chance he hath at length approach'd near,  
 Where to his Sight *Dueffa* did appear;  
 A loathsom, filthy and abhorred Creature,  
 Who seem'd as Brimstone did her Village fear,  
 Or like some Hell-bred Fiend by Birth and Nature,  
 With Boils and Blotches red so purpled was her Feature.

48. This



48.

This ugly *Witch*, as you have whilom read,  
 To Ladies true had vow'd fell Enmity,  
 And eke to many Knights of *Maidenhead*  
 Had brought Distress and doubtful Jeopardy,  
 Or branded with the Marks of Infamy:  
 And now, beneath the dusky Shades of Night,  
 To Sorceries her self she did apply;  
 Whilst the chaste Moon wheel'd low her paled Light,  
 And seem'd to fly with trembling Haste and wild Affright.

49.

Yborn of mean and lowly Parentage,  
 To shine in *Faery Court* she did aspire,  
 And by the Crafts of guilefull *Archimago*  
 Had whilom hop'd to win her fond Desire.  
 He now gan fly her bellish Form admire,  
 And subtly cast about in secret wize,  
 With seeming Love, her wicked Charms to hire;  
 That so he mought her divelish Will entise  
 To further with her Art his hardy Enterprize.

50. And

50.

And sith she was vain, proud, and sickly frail,  
 She high conceited of her Beauty grew ;  
 So *Archimage* did easily prevail  
 That she to *Glaucè* would her self transmew,  
 And like become in Feature, Shape, and Hew ;  
 So like she seem'd, that *Britomart*, who well  
 Her own true Nurse, her faithfull *Glaucè* knew,  
 Could not from her the false *Duessà* tell,  
 So for Companion took this griesfull Imp of Hell.

51.

Alack therefore for Misery and Woe !  
 Which shall befall the Babes as yet unborn,  
 Sith *Britomartis'* foul envenom'd Foe  
 May chance to leave their Country all forlorn,  
 Wastfully made the cruel Victor's Scorn :  
 Widows and Orphans into Thraldom led,  
 Shall then their Kindred slain lament and mourn,  
 And all in bitter Slav'ry eat their Bread ;  
 Hard Task for free-born Souls ! they liefer had be dead.

52. But